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POETRY.

THE PATH OF FAITH.

Perchance thou deemest it is hard
To have no forecast of thy life,
Unwarned, thy doubtful feet to guard
From wandering in the paths of strife;
But though thou hast no present sense
Thou hast a watching Providence.
With trustful labor weave the web
Of high enterprise and noble deed;
Headless if life should flow or ebb,
Let bravely doing be thy creed;
Then if thou read'st each glistening star
Should stormy fortune lurk behind
Thy certain fate, and darkly loom—
Thank God thou canst not feel the wind,
Nor hear the distant thunder boom;
The tempest, with soft breezes blent,
May, ere it reaches thee, be spent.
Should brilliant sunshine bursting there
Upon thee, sudden and sublime,
Instant reflection of its glare
Might haply blind thee for the time,
By pouring on thy dazzled sight
Rays of intolerable light;
But faith will nerve thee for the fight
Against infortune's darkening power;
And flood thy road with tempered light,
Until thou reach, in that hour,
When presence shall be thine at will—
Presence of good unmix'd with ill.

THOUGHTS ON AUTUMN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And the Autumn, in its leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.
I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
"An emblem of myself thou art."
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."
I sought my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams
And songs of merry birds again.
But then from whom the spring hath gone,
For whom the flowers no longer blow,
Who standeth blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:
No hope is thine of summer hours,
Thy Winter shall no more depart,
No spring revive thy wasted flowers,
No Summer warm thy frozen heart.

AGRICULTURE.

MAKING CIDER.—To grind apples for cider I use my threshing machine. The machine is set in a trough fifteen feet long, and wide enough to receive it—the machine being placed at one end of the trough, which end is elevated some two or three inches.

The ground apples, as discharged from the machine, are shovelled forward in the trough: which is set so close to the press, as to be conveniently shovelled into it. The threshing machine being in order to thresh grain, needs no alteration to thresh apples; it is set in the trough precisely as it is set on the barn floor to thresh grain, and fed with a large scoop shovel as fast as they can be thrown in. It grinds the apples well; better than any machine that I have ever seen, and with a speed that will satisfy any one that may try it. I grind with two horses; if, however it is desired to increase the speed, add more horse power.

In order that my machine shall receive no injury from the effects of the cider upon it, I immediately when done grinding a lot of apples, take away the pumice from the machine, then put it in motion, throw in a bucketful or two of water, and then run an armful of dry straw through it, which will effectually dry it in two or three minutes.—*Western World.*

LIME AS A FERTILISER.—The use of Lime as a fertiliser of our soils has of late been much discussed by some gentlemen, who rank among intelligent farmers, and for whose opinions I entertain great respect. I am an advocate for the judicious use of lime, and I have never yet seen it properly applied where it did not pay fifty per cent. for the outlay in its purchase. There is no article, so cheap, that can be applied with so much permanent benefit, whether it acts as a fertiliser or only as a stimulant. If the farmer wishes to deepen his soil and to plow deep, nothing will enable him to do so with such complete success as the application of lime. I am yet, too, to find soil in such a high state of cultivation, as not to receive assistance by the application of a coat of good lime, unless previously dressed sufficiently with the article. Nothing can be purchased for the same money that will occasion so great an increase in the crop of grass, particularly clover. This increase will enlarge the manure heap, and this again applied to the soil will add to its enriching properties.

CORNSTALKS.—Recollect that these if properly cured and cut into inch pieces, and meadowed, are excellent provender for cattle generally, and when made into a slop with meal or bran and water, make a good milk-producing mess, for milch cows.—Such being the case you should see to it, that they do not remain in the field, until every vestige of the life sustaining principle is bleached out of them.

SELECTED TALES.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

JIM BLANDER AND THE QUAKER.

AN AMUSING STORY.

THERE lived in a certain neighborhood, not far distant from here, a roystering, rowdy, named Jimmy Blander. Jim was "sum" in a fight—a kind of pugilistic Napoleon.

Many and bloody were the affairs he had in his lifetime, and he invariably came off first best. Jim not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the surrounding country conceded it was no use fighting Jim, as he was considered to be a patent threshing machine, that could not be improved on. In Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From some cause or other, Jim hated the "shad bellies," as he called them, with his entire heart; he often declared, that to whip one of these offensive people would be the crowning glory of his life. For years Jim waited for a pretext. One of Jim's chums overheard a "young" Quaker speak in disparaging terms of him. The report soon came to Jim's ears, not a little magnified. Jim made desperate threats what he was going to do with Nathan, the meek follower of Penn, on sight, besides the various bruises and contusions he meant to inflict on Nathan's body; in his chaste language, he meant to gouge out both of his eyes, and chew off both his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats and very properly kept out of his way, hoping that time would mollify his anger. It seems, however, that this much desired result did not take place. One day Nathan was out riding, and passing through a long lane, when about midway, he espied Jim entering the other end. Nathan might have turned and fled, but his flesh rebelled at retreating.

"I will pursue my way peaceably," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of wrath will not permit him to molest me, or allow him to do violence to my person."

Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary, were doomed to be disappointed.

"Oh ho!" thought the bully, as he recognized Nathan, "I have him at last. Now I'll make mince-meat of shad-belly! I will salt and pickle him too!"

"Wilt thou please dismount from thy horse?" said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse, and mimicking his style; "my heart yearneth above all things to give thee the biggest mauling that ever a man received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "thou must not molest me, but let me go my way in peace. Thy better judgement will surely tell thee that thou cannot possibly be benefited by personally injuring me."

"Get down, in a moment!" thundered Jim; "get down, you canting, lying, mischief-making hypocrite! I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I remonstrate against thy proceeding, and against thy language," replied Nathan. "My religion teaches me sincerity. I am neither a liar, a mischief-maker nor a hypocrite; I am no coward, but a man of peace; I desire to pursue my way quietly; let me pass on."

"Get down," persisted Jim; "down with you! I want to beat some of your religion out of you—I must give you a flogging before I leave you. I think by the time I am through with you, you will pass for a tolerably honest man. I will teach you, in a short easy lesson, the importance of minding your own business, and the risk you run in slandering your neighbors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan, "loose your hold from the bridle."

"You won't, won't you?" said Jim; "then here goes!"—and he made a desperate lunge to color the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant on the opposite side of the horse.

The Quaker, although of much smaller proportions than his persecutor, was all sinew and muscle, and his well knit form denoted both activity and strength. His wrath was evidently enkindled.

"Friend James," he implored, "thy pertinacious persistence in persecuting me is exceedingly annoying; but thou desist or, peradventure, I may so far forget myself as to do thee some bodily harm."

"By snakes!" said Jim, coming towards Nathan, "I believe there is fight enough in Broad-brim to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun."

"Now," continued Jim, "friend Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of your nose—look out!"

likely to accomplish. James, however, straightened himself out, and approached Nathan more cautiously. The contest began again. Nathan stood his ground firmly, and skillfully warded off the shower of blows which James aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan, in the heat of the contest, "this is mere child's play. It grieves me that thou hast forced me into resistance, but I must defend myself from bodily harm. A see that there is but one way of bringing this scandalous and wicked affair to a close, and that is by conquering thee; in order to do this, I will inflict a heavy blow between thy eyes, which will prostrate thee."

Following out this suggestion, Nathan struck Jim a tremendous blow on his forehead which brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now, said Nathan, 'I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson, too. I will seat myself a straddle on thy breast—I will place my knees upon thy arms, thus, so that thou cannot injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce and warlike nature, and making a better and more peaceable man of thee.'

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some returning signs of life. The first impulse of Jim, when he fairly saw his position, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice—his efforts were unavailing.

"Friend, thee must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am an humble instrument, in the hand of Providence, to chastise thee, and I trust when I am done with thee, thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James, does thee not repent attacking me?"

"No," said Jim with an oath, "let me up, and I'll show you."

"I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch," replied Nathan. "Darest thou profane the name of thy Maker? I will check thy respiration for a moment."

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched Jim by the throat. He compressed his grip—a gurgling sound could be heard—Jim's face became distorted—a tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation. The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

"I knock under," said Jim; "enough! let me up."

"Nay, thou has not got half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, and thou must be contented to remain where thou liest until I am done with thee—Thou hast profaned the name of thy Maker; confess, dost thou repent thy wickedness?"

"No, hanged if I do!" growled Jim.

"Thou perverse man," replied Nathan, in an imploring tone, "say that thou repentest thy wickedness."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said Jim.

"Wilt thou not?" replied the Quaker; "must I use compulsion means? I will compress thy windpipe again, unless thou give me answer in the affirmative—say quick, art thou sorry?"

"No—I—I—yes," shrieked Jim, in a gurgling tone, as the Quaker tightened his grip, "yes, I am sorry."

"Is thy sorrow Godly sorrow?" inquired Nathan.

Jim rather demurred giving an affirmative answer to this question, but a gentle squeeze admonished him that he had better yield.

"Yes," replied Jim, "my sorrow is a Godly sorrow."

"A Godly sorrow leadeth to repentance," replied Nathan; "we are progressing finely. Thou saidst but just now that I was a canting, cowardly, mischief-making hypocrite. Thou wronged me in asserting these things, and slandering my persuasion. Dost thou recall these assertions?"

"Yes," replied Jim, "my sorrow is Godly sorrow."

"I am not done with thee yet," said Nathan; "thou hast been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood time out of mind—thy hand has been raised against every man—thou art a brawler. Wilt thou promise me that in future you will lead a more peaceful life; that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, hesitatingly, "all but the Quakers."

"Thou must make no exceptions," replied Nathan; "I insist upon an affirmative answer."

"I say yes to that—I will die first!"

A struggle now ensued between the two, but Jim had his match.

"Thou must yield, James; I insist on it," said Nathan, and he grasped Jim by the throat. "I will choke thee into submission; thou must answer affirmatively; say, after me I promise to love my neighbor as myself, including the Quakers."

"I won't promise that," replied Jim. "I will check thy respiration if thou don't. Wilt thou yield?"

"No I won't, I'll be blasted if I do," answered Jim.

"Thee had better give in; I will choke thee again if thee does not; see, my grip tightens," replied Nathan.

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process became more and more painful; his tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded like a dying man's. Nathan persisted in holding his grip until Jim became passive; he then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his speech and his senses; when he did, he begged Nathan, for mercy's sake to release him.

"When thee will make the promise I exact from thee I will release thee, but no sooner," replied Nathan.

Jim saw that he was powerless and that the Quaker was resolute. He felt that it was no use to persist in his stubbornness.

"I will give in; I'll promise to love my neighbor as myself," he replied.

"Including the Quakers," insinuated Nathan.

"Yes, including the Quakers," replied Jim.

"Thou mayst arise then, friend James; and I trust the lesson thou hast learned to-day will make a more peaceful citizen of thee, and, I hope, a better man," answered Nathan.

Poor Jim was entirely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed. Not long after this occurrence the story came bruited about. He soon after left the scene of his many triumphs, and his late disastrous defeat and emigrated to the far west. The last I heard of him he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reasons why he again emigrated, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He was under obligations to love them, but he was of the opinion that discipline would lend strength to his attachment.

The Elgin Marbles.

THE celebrated Elgin Marbles, deposited in the British Museum, are so called from the Earl of Elgin, who, while English Ambassador to Turkey, in the year 1801, received from the Sublime Porte, allowing him not only to make drawing and casts of the sculptures of ancient Athens, but also "to take away any pieces of stone with old inscriptions or figures thereon." Accordingly, after several years' labor, he succeeded in acquiring the collection of sculptures, nearly 500 in number, which bear his name. The reason assigned for removing these works of art from their ancient home was, they were receiving constant injury from the hands of the Turks, and were exposed to entire destruction. In the year 1816, the British Parliament purchased them from Lord Elgin for the sum of £35,000, and they are thus secured for the benefit of the public.

These Marbles consist in part of statues, columns, sculptures in alto and bas relief, urns, and tablets with inscriptions. Many of them are believed to have been designed and executed by Phidias, the great Master of the art, more than 400 years before the Christian Era. Pericles, the liberal patron of the Athenian government and he entrusted to Phidias the direction of many public works, and the erection of the temple of the Parthenon. This structure, the crowning grace of the Acropolis, was of the Doric order of architecture and contained a statue of Minerva, by Phidias, of ivory and gold. The exterior decorations of the Parthenon consisted of sculptures upon the metopes, the frieze and the pediment, 106 of which may be found in the Elgin collection. The metopes, alternating with the triglyphs, ornamented the entablature surrounding the colonnade.—Sixteen of these, including one cast in plaster, are preserved. They represent the battle between the Centaurs and the Athenians, sculptured in alto-relievo, in some parts entirely detached from the tablet. The frieze, which embellished the walls within the colonnade, surrounded the temple and represented the sacred procession which took place at the Panathenæan festival in honor of Minerva. The sculptures from the pediment are chiefly statues of various Gods. Beside these ornaments from the Parthenon, there are many from the Erechtheum, and other temples and public buildings of Athens.

THE MIND.—The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

A RESERVED MAN is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature, and even grudges himself the laugh into which he is sometimes betrayed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Are You in Readiness for Winter.

Have you got through with your fall work? If you are behind-hand in anything, there is no time to be lost. It is decidedly pleasanter to labor in the open air during these mild days, than after the mercury has fallen to zero. More can be accomplished in two hours now, than in less—get all the odds and ends straightened—and when old Winter comes you will welcome him with a cheerful heart.

Are your cattle well cared for? Is there sufficient food in store for them during the long, tedious days of January, and are they provided with comfortable sheds, in which they may seek protection from the fierce north-easters? Do the fattening steers and swine have all that they need? If you have been remiss in any of these particulars, delay no longer. The merciful man is attentive to the wants of his dumb beasts, and no good farmer will allow them to be exposed to the cold and tempests of a winter's day. It is a well ascertained fact, that when properly sheltered, they consume less food, and are in better condition at spring, than though they were kept in the open yard. The animals intended for the butcher must receive much care, for they fatten most readily in mild, temperate weather.

Do you send your children to school, and have you laid in a good supply of reading matter connected with your occupation? The boys have served you faithfully in the field through the summer, and they are now entitled to some opportunity for mental improvement. Interest yourself in the subject, examine the qualifications of the teacher in your district, and frequently ascertain what progress is made by his pupils. A great deal is said about "book farming"; that is sheer nonsense.—You will derive marked benefit from the perusal of periodicals devoted to the subject of agriculture. You ought to subscribe for at least one, and persuade a neighbor to take another; and thus, by exchanging copies, you may read both without incurring the cost of both one.

One of the Mesmerizers.

A few years ago the following story was overheard in the cars on the road between Albany and Buffalo. One of the conversants was a mesmerizer—a regular "professor." He was dilating upon its rapid development—its astonishing cure for discoveries developed through its agency.—Finally he got upon his superiority as a "professor"—a congenial theme—and here he was at home. After narrating a variety of experiments—some of them astounding, of course—he spoke of the following with a gusto that was irresistible. Said he—

"Last week I was going through one of the streets of Rochester, and saw a person to whom I was anxious to speak. He walked too fast for me to overtake him without running, so I just straitened out my arm, concentrated my will, made a pass at him—thus—and he stopped quicker than lightning."

"Wh-wh-wh, mister, y-y-you don't call that m-m-much of a tri-ick, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I rather flatter myself, sir, that it was a pretty strong demonstration."

"W-w-w-well, it don't b-b-beg-in w-with what I once did."

"Then you are familiar with the science, sir, I presume?"

"S-s-s-some."

"Might I inquire what was the case you spoke of?"

"Oh, o-o-cer-tainly. W-hy, you see, I happened to be up in B-b-batavia once, in the winter. G-g-g-ging down to the cars, I s-s-saw a m-a-a-m-a-n shovelling off snow. Pretty soon his f-f-foot slipped, and d-d-d-down he came. W-h-when he was about half d-d-down I made a p-p-pass at him, and it s-s-stopped him quicker than powder. I c-c-c-come off w-with-out thinking a-a-anything more a-a-about it. If you are g-o-o-ing to B-b-batavia, I wish y-y-you would just let him down, for I p-p-p-re-sume he is hanging there yet!"

"The 'professor' handed over his 'hat'."

HAPPY MARY.

The influence of a dear young friend, whose home conduct was a beautiful illustration of the faith that worketh by love, is thus described by an eye-witness—"She moved about the house like a sun-beam. I heard her singing as she passed to and fro, and her mother heard her too, and said with a fond smile, 'It is Mary. She is always the same, always happy. I do not know what I would do without her.' 'I do not know what any of us would do without Mary,' repeated her eldest daughter, and the rest echoed her words.

"Her youngest brother is of a violent temper, and is always quarrelling with somebody; but he never quarrels with Mary, because she will not quarrel with him, but strives to turn aside his anger by gentle words. Even her very presence has an influence over him."

Fresh Fruits, Green Corn &c. in Winter.

EVERY YEAR we notice a decided improvement in the manner of raising and preserving fruits so as to present them in market at periods when they are usually considered "out of season"; and from the success which has thus far attended such efforts, we presume that it will not be long before our markets will be at all times supplied with most of the summer fruits of all. Strawberries, peaches, pears, cherries, plums, green corn, and other delicious productions of last year's growth, are even now to be purchased, at places in the city in almost as good order as when first picked. When the fruit season is at hand, we presume there are many families and individuals who would be glad to avail themselves of some practical method of preserving the summer delicacies. The following is the simplest, and most successful method now in use, and rapidly being adopted:—

TO PRESERVE FRUITS.—Prepare tin canisters seven or eight inches in length and four inches in diameter. Select fruit which is just ripe and no more, free from specks and bruises, and put in solder; on the top, having previously made a hole in the center, only large enough to admit a pin. Set the cans in a vessel of boiling water, deep enough to permit the water to come up to, but not over the top of the cans. Keep the water boiling around them until the fruit has attained about the same temperature as the water. This is ascertained by putting a drop of water over the pin hole. If bubbles escape from the hole, it shows that the fruit is not yet at the right temperature. When the bubbles cease on the application of a drop of water in this manner, the operation is ended, and the pin hole should be closed by solder; some kinds of wax or white lead might answer, but they are apt to fail; solder is most reliable. If the operation has been properly performed, the ends of the canisters will be heat inward a little, owing to the pressure of the external atmosphere. The success of this plan is upon the well known principle that decomposition cannot take place in air tight vessels. Hence, in this manner strawberries, cherries, and all the delicate fruits may be preserved for an indefinite length of time. Of course those who try this plan will provide themselves with a vessel having a level bottom for the hot water, in order, that all the cans may be evenly heated. The fruit is not in the least cooked by the operation.—The cans should be left in a cool place.

In this connection we may mention that a new species of corn has, within a year or two, been introduced, called the *Studdell ever-green sweet corn*, which, it is expected, will soon be seen in abundance in our markets, in a fresh and green state the whole year through, without any interruption. This would indeed be a luxury, of which our citizens would most gladly avail themselves. We have it on the authority of Professor James J. Mapes, L. L. D., editor of the *Working Farmer*, that this variety of corn may be easily preserved for at least two years after picking, without any perceptible change in its flavor or freshness. The mode of preserving it is to pick it when corn is usually picked for eating, and preserve it in the husk, tying up the ends with a string, and placing it in a dry room, but where there is no draught of air. Last year Professor Mapes exhibited several specimens of this corn at the Fair of the American Institute, all in fine preservation; and at the dinner of the Institute, the year previous, they had green corn for dinner, of this variety which had been picked the year before. All present declared its flavor to be as fine as if just from the field.

This variety comes from somewhere in Pennsylvania, we believe, where Professor Mapes obtained a small quantity of seed 3 years ago. The quantity raised has hitherto been of course small, though each season it has increased, and we presume will soon be in very general use. Without reference to its preservative qualities, it is far superior in sweetness and delicacy to any variety of sweet corn which our markets have hitherto afforded. Its introduction is an important matter, for which Prof. M. will justly receive much credit. He has for a long time been sending small packages of the seed through the country, gratis, in order to have its benefit as widely spread as possible.

Green corn is to be had preserved in canisters, at present, but when we come to having it in mid-winter, in fine plump ears, that is a luxury of another sort.

CARROTS are beginning to be extensively used as fodder for horses and other animals; they are said to contain more nutritive matter than any other vegetable.—They have a singular and very beneficial effect upon horses, giving the hair a fine glossy appearance. A carrot fed horse may usually be known from this circumstance. They improve the digestion and otherwise benefit the health of the animal.

The Power to Shun Evil.

"REMEMBER," said Mr. Barton, as he sat talking with his children, "that no matter how severely you may at any time be tempted, you need not fall. Simply refrain from doing the evil to which you are strongly inclined, and you are safe. The power thus to refrain is given to every one."

"Yes, I know that it is so," replied his daughter Mary; "for I have proved it over and over again. Even today I found myself tempted to do wrong. Last week I called in to see Clara Lee. She was working a collar from a most beautiful pattern that pleased me very much. I asked her if she would not lend it to me, when she had finished her collar, that I might work one from it for myself. But she declined doing so, with a manner that hurt me."

"That was hardly kind," remarked Mr. Barton. "Why did she do so?"

"I believe she did not wish me not any one else to have a collar precisely like this one. In fact, I know it; for she said so to Ellen Maylie, and also told her that she had burned the pattern to keep any one else from getting it."

"That was certainly not acting from a very good spirit," said the father.

"I think not," replied Mary. "But I was tempted to act in a spirit very little if any better. I must own that I felt annoyed at Clara's selfishness. Instead of pitying her weakness and being sorry for what was wrong in her, I rather permitted myself to be half angry, and to feel a wish to be even with her. To-day the opportunity was offered for gratifying this feeling. I called upon Harriet Wilford, and she showed me a book full of lace patterns that her uncle had sent her over from Paris. In looking through it, my eyes lit upon a pattern precisely like the one Clara had, and instantly I said—

"Oh! isn't this beautiful. Won't you let me work myself a collar like it?"

"Certainly," she replied—"from that or any other pattern in the book."

"Won't I take her by surprise?" I remarked, to myself, with a glow of satisfaction at the chagrin that Clara would experience. But I had no sooner said this than it flashed through my mind that I was neither thinking nor intending right; and so, after a short struggle with myself, I repressed the feeling from which I was about to act."

"How did you repress it, my daughter," asked the father.

"By calling it evil, and, because it was evil resolving not to let it influence my actions."

"Did you find this a very difficult task, Mary?"

"Oh, no."

"And you have experienced an inward peace and satisfaction of mind ever since this determination to shun what was evil?" said Mr. Barton.

"O, yes," returned Mary, "an inward peace that I can hardly describe."

"And such peace will follow every act of shunning what is wrong; while, on the other hand, the sure consequence of acting from a selfish or evil purpose, is a disturbance of the mind, that robs it of its true delight. Ever bear this in remembrance, my children; and also bear in remembrance, that it is not a hard thing to shun what is evil. All that is required is a sincere effort to do so, and then there will flow into your minds an instant and all-sufficient power. This power comes from the source of all good—from God."

Items from the Minutes.

The Minutes of the General Assembly, in giving a list of the names of the ministers, bring to light some striking incongruities. There are six Kings without a Queen or a Throne. There are Crows, Cranes, Swans, Pigeons, Peacocks, Sparrows, Bulls, Mules, Colts, Campbells, Coons, Lyons and Kerbs, and yet but one Breed. Amongst all the Reeds and Roots there are but three Coulters and one Sickle, though there are thirty-three Smiths.—There are two Crosses. While there are literally three Savages in the list, there is only one Christian and six Whites. This looks very gloomy; but in all these there are still two Comforts. To three Fields there is but one Weed; and among all the Woods but one Fox, and he is under Chase. The most interesting feature, however, is the unity of feeling and aim that exists throughout the whole. There is one Center, one House, one Hand, one Church, one Shepherd, one Love, and one Hope.

[It might also have been noted, that in the Presbyterian Church, so remarkable for its republicanism, besides several Kings, there are Bishops, Lords, Chamberlains, Marquises, Knights, Cassels, and Pages; and notwithstanding our ministers are noted for their attention to their peculiar work, there are found among them Weavers, Chandler, Tailors, Masons, Wrights, Wagoners, Smiths, Stewards, Millers, Thatchers, Gardeners, Goldsmiths, Harpers, Hornblowers, Hunters, Naylor, and Porters.—*Presbyterian.*

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Bristol, Monday, Oct. 25.
No quorum of either House being present, the two Houses adjourned to meet to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

Bristol, Tuesday, Oct. 26.
SENATE.—The Senate convened at 10 A. M., and was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Shepley.

Mr. Porter rose, and after some remarks in reference to the death of Mr. Webster, moved that the Senate adjourn; whereupon the Senate adjourned till to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

HOUSE.—The House met pursuant to adjournment, Hon. Alfred Bosworth, the Speaker, in the chair.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Hobart.

Gen. Thos. J. Stead, Quartermaster General, made report of sale of armories at Greenfield and Wickford, for the sum of \$807; read, received and ordered to be communicated to the Senate.

The General Treasurer made his annual report, which was received and referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Paddock, of Providence, presented the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the decease of the Honorable Daniel Webster, Secretary of State of the United States, our country has sustained a grievous and an irreparable loss; a great man, so pre-eminently distinguished as a statesman and a jurist, for the unequalled power and strength of his intellect, and for his devoted attachment, through a long, laborious and useful life, to those constitutional principles of government which are cherished by all men, this House do now adjourn.

Some remarks were made by Messrs. Cranston, Sheffield, Barstow, Steere and F. Brown, when the resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the House adjourned until to-morrow morning.

Bristol, Wednesday, Oct. 27.
SENATE.—The Senate met at 10 o'clock, His Excellency in the Chair.

The following petitions were recommended by the committees to whom they were referred, and were read and passed:

Petition of Joseph W. Hill and wife, for leave to adopt child; of Lawton Owen to have a jury fine and costs refunded; of Peter Keegan for leave to hold and convey real estate; of John Lucas for restoration to his civil rights.

The Report of the Select Committee on the Providence contested election was read and continued to the January session.

Report on the condition of the Indian Tribe was read, and two hundred copies ordered to be printed.

The following private petitions were recommended and accompanying acts passed:

Petition of Nicholas Vincent and wife to sell real estate; of John S. Champlin to mortgage certain premises of his ward to secure the payment of dower; of Charles C. Rhodes for sale of real estate; the Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE.—The House was called to order at 10 o'clock.

Sundry petitions and accounts were received and referred.

Memorial of sundry citizens of the State praying that the crime of murder may be punished with death, was passed over to the next session; as was also the petition for the repeal of the fugitive slave law.

On the petition of Providence Institution for Savings, the Committee on Corporations recommended an act increasing the amount of Deposit from \$1,200,000 to \$1,500,000. A spirited debate ensued in reference to the \$300,000 surplus which has been allowed to accumulate in the Institution.

Petition of People's Saving Bank, for amendment of charter—granted and act passed.

The majority of the select Committee appointed to investigate the Providence contested election case, submitted their report, which was read. The report admits that informants were committed, but denies any wilful or intended frauds, and closes with a recommendation that the petitioners have leave to withdraw.

Without any action the subject was passed over.

Mr. Dixon presented an act to adjourn the Court of Common Pleas in the county of Washington, from the first Monday to the first Wednesday in November was introduced, read, the rules suspended, and passed to a second reading.

An act in addition to an act incorporating the Woonsocket and Milford Railroad Company. Granted and act passed.

A resolution that a sum not exceeding \$100 be expended for repairs of side walk, in west front of the State House in the city of Providence. Passed.

Petitions of citizens of Pascoag, Burrillville, for charter of Fire Engine Company. Granted and act passed.

Act in relation to Police regulations in town of Smithfield, was read and passed.

Act in amendment of an act in relation to the Supreme Court and Courts of Common Pleas, was read and passed.

The following petitions were granted and act passed; of Lawton Owen, for remission of jury fine from the Senate; of Charles Hadwin, and others, for leave to sell real estate; of Emily Simmons, for sale of real estate; of Richard J. Arnold, Executor, for sale of real estate; of William P. Sullings to make partition of minors' estates; of Christopher Brown, of Hopkinton, for liberation of Daniel W. Coon, and remission of fine; of John Gendywright for liberation and remission of fine; of James Arnold for remission of juror's fine; of George B. Haynes for liberation and remission of fine; of Franklin J. Dickman, Administrator, for sale of real estate; of Samuel C. Davis, for leave to petition Supreme Court in Providence county for divorce.

A resolution authorizing Joseph Anthony and John T. Bush to draw on the Treasury for a sum not exceeding \$250 to complete side walk in front of State House in Newport. The House adjourned.

Bristol, Thursday, Oct. 28.
SENATE.—After referring several bills to appropriate Committees, the Senate adj.

HOUSE.—An act in amendment of an act in relation to the discipline of the State Prison, was read, the rules suspended, and passed.

Mr. Barstow called up his resolution to provide for counsel at the expense of the State, in the liquor case of Wm. H. Greene and others in the Circuit Court of the U. S. He moved its passage. After a short debate the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Cranston introduced an act for the repeal of the new liquor law, and it was read.

BY THE MAIL.

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

The event which the whole country has for a few days, been anticipating with the deepest sorrow, has at length occurred.—DANIEL WEBSTER is no longer of the living.

He died at twenty minutes before three, Sunday morning. His death was tranquil, and he retained his consciousness almost to the last.

About half past five Saturday afternoon, Mr. Webster was seized with violent nausea, and raised considerable dark matter, tinged with blood. Exhaustion now increased rapidly, and his physicians held another consultation, which resulted in the conclusion that his last hour was approaching.

He received the announcement calmly, requesting the female members of his family be called in, viz: Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, Mrs. J. W. Paige and Miss Downs, of New York. To each, calling them individually, he addressed a few words of farewell and religious consolation. Next he had called in the male members of his family and his personal friends who have been here the last few days. Fletcher Webster, his only surviving son, Samuel A. Appleton, his son-in-law, J. W. Paige, George T. Curtis, Edward Curtis, of New York, Peter Harvey, George J. Abbott and W. C. Hottinger, both of the Department of State, Washington.

Addressing each by name, he referred to his past relations to them respectively, and one by one bade them an affectionate farewell. This was about half past 6 o'clock, shortly after he conversed with Dr. Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for him than to administer occasionally a sedative. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I am to lie here patiently to the end. If he be so, may it come soon."

Then, as if speaking to himself, he said, "On the twenty-fourth of October, all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more."

He now prayed in his usual voice, strong, full, and clear, ending with, "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus."

Mr. Webster left directions that he should be buried on his farm at Marshfield, and that his funeral services be performed by the Parish clergyman. They took place yesterday at 12 M.

We learn from the Boston papers that Mr. Webster dictated his will himself, with remarkable particularity and precision, and at some length, but two days before his death. His widow Mrs. Caroline Le Roy Webster, his son, Fletcher Webster and Mr. B. M. Blatchford, of New York, are his executors.

At the post mortem examination of the body of Mr. Webster, made Wednesday, it was found that he died of disease of the liver. The immediate cause of death was hemorrhage from the stomach and bowels, owing to a morbid state of the blood consequent upon the above disease. There was also dropsy on the abdomen.

The Transcript states that the remains of the first wife and two children of the late Daniel Webster were on Wednesday afternoon removed from their temporary resting place under St. Paul's Church, to the tomb of the deceased at Marshfield, where they are to be placed, preparatory to the reception of his own mortal remains.

Demonstrations of sorrow and respect continue to be made in almost every town.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born in the town of Salisbury, New-Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782. His age, at the period of his death, was accordingly seventy years, nine months, and six days.

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, is still recollected in Kingston and Salisbury, as described as an erect and noble looking man, quite six feet in stature, and broad and full in the chest. He was an old soldier and had seen hard service, both in the French and Revolutionary war.—Belonging to that intrepid border race—the pioneers of civilization in this country—by turns farmer, huntsman, soldier, as necessity demanded, Ebenezer Webster enlisted as a private soldier in one of those formidable companies of ranger which rendered such signal service under Sir Jeffrey Amherst and the gallant Gen. Wolfe during the French war, before the close of which he was raised to the rank of Captain for his distinguished bravery. The war being ended, Captain Webster, together with Col. Stevens, and a number of other retired officers, obtained from the royal Governor of New Hampshire, Benning Wentworth, a grant of the town of Salisbury—at first called Stevenston. Captain Webster received an allotment in the northerly portion of the township, and more adventurous than his companions, he cut his way deeper into the wilderness, and built his log cabin where his nearest civilized neighbors on the North-west were at Montreal.

It was soon after his settlement on this allotment that the first wife of Ebenezer Webster, having deceased, he married Abigail Eastman, a lady of Welsh extraction, who became the mother of Ezekiel and Daniel Webster, the only sons of the second marriage. Abigail Eastman was a woman of more than ordinary strength of mind and possessed a force of intellect which was felt throughout the whole of the humble circle in which she moved; and to her judicious training and early promptings may be traced, in a great degree, the eminence attained by both her sons, especially the younger. Such were the parents of Daniel Webster—a man whose influence will be felt in this Union as long as it continues to hold a place among the nations of the earth.

At the time of his second marriage, Capt. Webster erected a frame house hard by his log cabin; dog a well near it, and planted an elm sapling. In this house Daniel Webster was born; beneath the tree he played when a child; and from this well he quenched his thirst. The house has long since disappeared, though the cellar is still visible, nearly filled up with the accumulations of seventy years. The elm sapling has grown to be a majestic tree, and the well remains, with water as pure and limpid as when it was first turned to light; but the boy who was born and brought up there, after filling the world with his fame, has passed away forever.

Mr. Webster was married in June, 1808, to Grace Fletcher, daughter of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Hopkinton, New-Hampshire. They had four children—Grace, Fletcher, Julia, and Edward—of whom only Fletcher now survives. Grace died early; Edward was killed in the Mexican war; Julia, married one of the Appletons, of Boston, and died a few years since.

REMARKABLE FEAT OF AN ENGINE MAN.

A Paris correspondent of the Washington Republic relates the following occurrence as having taken place on the French Northern Rail Road. It is an example of the advantage that sometimes arises from meeting opposition with a bold front.

The passengers upon the Northern rail-road narrowly escaped destruction some days ago. A large cart, laden down by the weight of an enormous block of stone, had become fastened in among the rails, and the efforts of the three horses to disengage it were perfectly unavailing.

The whistle of the express train was heard in the distance. The wagoner, determined to save his horses at least, cut the reins and gave the signal for the brakes. But the engine, which was a Crampton, refused to obey, and the machinist saw the utter impossibility of stopping it in time, so he put on the steam again, and drove the train with full force upon the terrible obstacle.

The wagon was shivered to atoms, and the stone sent flying in splinters for rods in all directions. The train was not thrown off the track, and the passengers were unaware of any shock. They did not hear of the danger they had run till they stopped at the next station. The engine was battered, but its vitality was not decreased. The engineer, whose coolness and decision were the object of some tribute of gratitude from the company.

A FIDELITY ITEM.—An old ship-carpenter, of long experience in our navy, tells us that the steam frigate Powhatan is a notable instance of the fallacy of the old saying, that ships which sail on a Friday never get to port. The blocks for the Powhatan were laid on Friday, her keel was laid on Friday, she was raised on Friday, was launched on Friday, her mast were taken in on Friday, her heavy machinery put up on Friday, her trial trip (undertaken on Thursday, but failed), was accomplished on Friday, she left Norfolk on her first cruise on Friday, has sailed from many other ports on Friday, and will very probably leave here this day (Friday) for a voyage to the Gulf. Here are Friday enough to sink a whole Navy; if Jack's superstitions had proved realities; but on the contrary, the Powhatan (so far as we know) has been a very lucky ship. Perhaps the fact of her being a steamship is the secret of her security from the demons that pursue Friday ships and Friday sailors.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE FOR PRESIDENT. The following is a list of the electoral votes to which each State is entitled, under the last census, at the election for President in November:

Maine.....	8	Indiana.....	13
New Hampshire.....	5	Illinois.....	11
Vermont.....	5	Iowa.....	4
Massachusetts.....	13	Wisconsin.....	5
Rhode Island.....	4	Michigan.....	9
Connecticut.....	6	Kentucky.....	12
New York.....	35	Missouri.....	9
New Jersey.....	9	Alabama.....	9
Pennsylvania.....	27	Louisiana.....	9
Delaware.....	3	Tennessee.....	12
Maryland.....	8	Mississippi.....	7
Virginia.....	15	Arkansas.....	4
North Carolina.....	10	Texas.....	4
South Carolina.....	7	California.....	4
Georgia.....	10	Florida.....	3
Alabama.....	9	Whole no. votes.....	295
Ohio.....	23	Need to elect.....	148

THE DEAD ON THE PLAINS.—Col. George E. Blodgett, who reached St. Joseph, Missouri, from the Plains, on the 7th ult., has furnished the Gazette of that place with a list containing the names, time of death, and former residences of some one hundred and fifty persons, whose graves he saw on the roadside of the Platte, between Devil's Gate and Missouri river. There are many graves of the road he did not see; the majority who died are buried at the different camping places, sometimes four or five miles off the main trail. He describes the scene along the entire road as truly heart-rending; from the imperfect manner in which the dead are buried, the wolves soon scent and drag them from their shallow graves, sowing the trail with human bones. He estimates the emigration this year at 40,000 people, with 8,000 wagons, and about 60,000 head of cattle.

A GREAT LEAP.—The North British Mail states, that a gentleman belonging to Ayrshire, no less distinguished as a fearless horseman than as a man of letters, made a daring leap, a few weeks ago, which deserves to be recorded. When exercising in a field a celebrated steeple chase mare, his own property, he found it necessary to rush her at a hedge to save himself being run away with. The mare boldly rose at the hedge and took it; the height of the leap, when afterwards measured, being found to be no less than eight-and-a-half feet, the rise being about nine feet, and the fall on the other side about seven feet.

THE NEW BEDFORD AND TAUNTON RAILROAD COMPANY.—The prosperity of this corporation seems to be a fixed and determined fact. On Thursday the amount of \$100,000 was added to the capital stock of the company. One thousand shares were distributed among the stockholders, in the proportion of a new share to each holder of four shares. This amount is gained entirely from the net earnings of the road. The result speaks volumes in favor of the judicious management of the concern.—New Bedford Mercury.

SUPPOSED RECOVERY OF THE CLAY MEDAL.—A man has recently been arrested in the Kingdom of Hanover, having in his possession \$2000 in American coin, and a large quantity of valuable jewelry, and a large gold medal, which is believed to be the very Clay medal, which mysteriously disappeared from New York some time since. The man is an old convict in Hanover, and had recently arrived from America, where he had been for some time.

THE AGGREGATE WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES amounts to \$12,000,000,000, and the population is 24,000,000 of souls.—The wealth divided by the population gives \$500 to each person; young and old; and counting five persons to each family, it would give the handsome little fortune of \$2500 to every family of the republic, not excluding the slaves.

TURKEYS.—A letter from California says a man from Illinois has just arrived from Independence, having driven the entire distance 2,000 turkeys, all hale and hearty. They cost him about fifty cents apiece in the States, and the cost of feeding them on the way was nothing; they fed themselves. He has been offered \$8 apiece for them.

FAIL EXPEDITION TO LIBERIA.—On

the 1st of November the brig Ralph Cross will sail from Baltimore for Liberia, with freight, cabin passengers and emigrants.—The prospect is that about two hundred emigrants will go out in the vessel. They are nearly all from Virginia and North Carolina. A number of missionaries are expected to embark in the Ralph Cross, with whom will be the Rev. Bishop Scott, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. James Perry, of New York, expects to go out in the same vessel. He received his appointment as general superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Liberia some weeks ago. He is appointed to the office until 1855; and when a bishop is not in Africa, Mr. Perry will be the president of the conference.

It is intended to send another vessel, from New Orleans, about the 1st of December.

The desire for emigration was never so great as at the present time. The report of those who have been sent out to examine the country and report thereon is highly satisfactory. The Colonization Herald, for October, contains interesting letters from agents who have been delegates to Africa, and who have written their opinions giving most favorable accounts of the condition of the country.

DEAD LETTERS.—During the last quarter, says the Washington Republic, one hundred and twenty-four dead letters were returned to the Dead Letter Office, in the Post Office Department.—They contained \$10,689, in the aggregate. Recently, about one million and a third of such letters were publicly destroyed, a bonfire being kindled with them on the Mall. We yesterday saw a large number of the various articles transmitted through the mails, the majority of which will never come into the possession of those to whom they were addressed.

Among those that may be mentioned a horse shoe; a ginger cake, the postage on which was \$2 10; a donation to a church, being a small cake in a paper box; a quilt; a new year's present to a bachelor; a Dutch pattern for a child's dress; a pincushion, the stand of it the bottom of a glass lamp, the postage \$4, the intrinsic worth as many cents; a zinc frame belonging to a galvanic battery, postage \$17; a stone weighing two pounds, addressed to a gentleman by "Eliza," as a sample of his generosity; a pair of men's boots sent to a lady; a large bottle of salve; and a bundle containing a coarse shirt, a pair of blue stockings; and a razor.

THE LARGEST HOG IN THE WORLD.

There is now on exhibition in this city, at Mr. James S. Boies's livery stable, a hog raised by Mr. Nathaniel Lamb of Milltown, which stands seven feet six inches high, and weighs 1200 pounds. It is one year and six months old. If any one has got a larger hog than this we should like to know it. If this hog was fat, he would weigh 1400 lbs.—Calais (Me.) Advertiser.

Indeed! but it strikes us this is making considerable "fuss about a piece of pork!" We chanced last week to look into the sty of our friend farmer Rankin in Rochester, where we saw two of the bovine species weighing upwards of 1200 lbs., and one pretty good sized pig whose weight we were assured was more than 800 lbs. Let the good people of Maine come to Plymouth county if they would see pigs.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF THREE LIVES.

The schooner Lucy, Capt. S. Entwistle, from Providence, bound to Mobile, in ballast, encountered a gale on Tuesday night, off Barnegat. The sea carried away both masts, and she finally went ashore near Barnegat Light House, Jersey shore, where she soon after went to pieces. The Captain and crew took to the boat, but on approaching the shore the boat was capsized by the breakers, and three of the crew were drowned, viz:—John Frances, of New Haven; Henry Arnold, of Bath; and William Nelson, of Newport—all of whom have families. The schooner was owned by the Captain, and was fully insured in Providence offices.

The Captain of the Lucy, together with the surviving crew, arrived at Philadelphia 27th in the schooner Susan, Capt. Williams from New York, bound to Philadelphia.

SUGAR FROM INDIAN CORN.—A patent, says the N. Y. Sun, has been granted at Washington for a process of making sugar out of corn, which, though familiar to all chemists, is doubtless novel to most readers.

A quantity of corn meal is placed in a boiler, to which is added nearly an equal quantity, in measure, of water, together with a small proportion of common oil of vitriol or sulphuric acid. A quantity of common chalk is then put in, which has the effect to remove the vitriol from the meal, the vitriol uniting to the chalk, and falling with it as sediment to the bottom of the boiler. The liquid sugar is then drained off into another vessel, boiled down to molasses, and finally crystallized and clarified in the usual manner.

BOTANY.—Aristotle is considered the founder of the philosophy of botany. The Historia Plantarum of Theophrastus, written about 320 B. C. Authors on botany are numerous from the earlier ages of the 15th century, when the science became better understood. The study was advanced by Fuchsius, Boeck, Bauhin, Cassalpianus and others, between 1535 and 1600. The system and arrangement of Linnaeus, the first botanist of modern times, made known about 1750. Jussieu's system, in 1758. At the time of Linnaeus's death, A. D. 1778, the species of plants actually described amounted in number to 11,000. The number of species of all denominations now recorded cannot fall short of 100,000.

ANTIQUITY OF THE OLD FELLOWS.—The origin of the order of Odd Fellows is of an ancient date. It was established by the Roman soldiers in camp, after the order of the Israelites during the reign of Nero, the Roman Emperor, who commenced his reign A. D. 55, at which time they were called Fellow Citizens. The name of Odd Fellows was given to this order of men (A. D. 79) by Titus Caesar, Emperor of Rome, their singularity of notions, from their knowing each other by night as well as by day, and for their fidelity to him and their country. In the 12th century it was established in France and afterward in England by John d'Neville.

STOVES IN TURKEY.—A few years ago a stove was unknown in Turkey. Now they are found in a great majority of the cafes in Constantinople, and in the dwelling houses of the rich. They are mostly either American stoves, or made after the American models.

NEWPORT MERCURY.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

Since our last issue the nation has met with another loss—the greatest American life experienced since the death of Washington. DANIEL WEBSTER has passed from the earth; his work is done; his resting place, beneath the green mound raised by his own hand, near his own quiet home; and all that we have left to us is the memory of his greatness, the monuments of his genius, and the examples of patriotism he labored to perfect for the good of mankind. Throughout the land there is a general mourning, and the expressions of grief are deep and earnest. All are alive to the loss the country has sustained; all acknowledge the grandeur of his intellect, and while the great expounder of the constitution lived, all trusted to his wisdom and repose in safety under his guidance. But the arm that directed its staff in death, the soul that controlled has passed to its maker, and there is no one on whom we may rely in the day of trial.—Truly the nation is bereaved. The walls of sorrow ascend from the council chamber, and mourning is heard in the abodes of the humble. The low tolling of bells from every village church, the howling of minute guns, and the temples of mourning, combined with the stars and stripes, bespeak the deep feelings of the people; and it is only when the really great are taken from the earth that such expressions are called forth.

As Mr. Webster said, when speaking to himself in his last moments:—"On the 24th of October, all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more," so it befall. He has passed from among men. His presence will no longer animate the councils of his country, or his voice be heard above the storm of contention; but his works live, his examples will guide, and his memory be cherished to the remotest period in the history of this country.

At a meeting of the Town Council, of this town, held Tuesday Evening, Oct. 26, 1852, the following Resolutions were unanimously passed: WHEREAS, he has passed, Almighty God, in the infirmity of his wisdom, suddenly to remove from earth DANIEL WEBSTER, at a critical hour in our country's history, when his services as a Statesman are most required in the Councils of the Nation, therefore:

Resolved, That we have heard this sad intelligence with profound emotions of sorrow, for we feel that in the death of Mr. Webster a great National loss has been sustained.

Resolved, That as a testimonial of respect to his memory, the bells of the Town be tolled from 11 o'clock A. M. to 1 o'clock P. M. on Friday, 29th inst.; that minute guns be fired during said time; and that the citizens generally be requested to close their places of business, and abstain from all employment during said time.

Resolved, That Messrs. Burdick and Weaver be a Committee to request some suitable person to pronounce an Eulogy upon the life and character of DANIEL WEBSTER, at as early a day as may suit their convenience.

In compliance with the above, the stores were closed from 11 A. M. until sunset, bells tolled and the Artillery Company fired 120 guns. We also noticed that the flags were displayed at half mast at Fort Adams, the Armory of the Artillery, French Consul's house, at Engine Houses 5 and 7 and by the shipping in the harbor.

The Sun is fast traveling southward, to cheer other regions with his warmth and light. Each revolution that he now makes, shortens the days by turns, and this, with the rustling leaves and the whistling winds, bids us prepare for the stern embrace of winter. The frost has already made its appearance upon the hill-side, and but a few weeks will intervene before the earth is stiffened beneath its unrelenting grasp. The old year is surely drawing near to its grave, and the unmistakable marks of decay are upon it. The smooth brow that turned to us in the spring, garlanded with flowers and surmounted by the star of hope, is now bowed to the earth, withered "by the winds unkindly blasts"; the locks that were bequeathed with the dew of the morning, grow white and thin, the eye that once flashed like an orb of heaven, is sunken and hollow, and the firm step can now scarcely keep to the path that will soon end its pilgrimage and whelm it in eternity.

The autumn betokens decay and the close of all earthly things. It arrests man's steps, and recalls his thoughts from selfish pursuits to consider his destiny, to reflect upon the past and prepare for the future. At such times he involuntarily turns to the spot where rest the buried dead, and while the earth, sun, and sky are at peace, he walks amid the silent graves. In such an hour he shall gain treasures of gold, gathered from the dust of corruption. He shall learn that all is but a brief for the worm and that the tall grass and humble flower decay alike, the resting place of the old and the young. The proud monument is to him but the goal of ambition while the humble mound, just raised above the surrounding clods, marks the spot where earth ends, eternity begins. Each in turn is borne to the charnel house, and

"The dead, that while we sleep,
Struggled for life, now sleep and fear no more,
O'er them let's not weep, when God's heaven smiles."

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.—A friend relates the following amusing story, descriptive of a scene that occurred in his counting room on Saturday last. A stranger, while waiting to have his business attended to, asked, "What's the news," and in reply, was handed the Mercury of that morning. Glancing over its contents pausing at the reports of the markets and the latest arrivals, on the inside, he turned the paper and came across the standing date under the head, "June 12, 1758," which he had no sooner read than he threw down the sheet, exclaiming, "thunder, man, that paper's more than a hundred years old! what in mischief did you give me that for. It looks like a new paper, though, and holds its age pretty well, but don't play such a joke as that off on me again, for hang me if I want to read anything printed in 1758," and sitting the action to the word, he contemptuously cast the paper from him.

In our last issue of the 16th inst., we published some extracts from a correspondence held in 1785 on the subject of potatoes. In conversation with a number of cultivators we find that it is a very common thing in breaking up a field in the Spring that had been used the previous season for potatoes, to plough out good sound potatoes wholly free from injury from the frost, and which if left would sprout and grow. And in one or two instances we have heard of potatoes that were thrown out on the first of August, starting in about ten days and coming rapidly to perfection. The winter culture, however, seems the most desirable, as the crops are wanted early for shipping, and as it costs little to try the experiment we hope it will meet attention from the more enterprising.

The following was handed to us last week, as the result of a poultry speculation at Newport Asylum. Of the hundreds, who have had the "poultry fever," how many can show as good a return for an equal investment.

Raised at Newport Asylum from Feb. 1st to Oct. 20th, 1852, from 50 Hens—	
Sold 875 dozen Eggs, at 14cts per doz.	\$52.50
" 165 Chickens, at 31cts. a piece.	\$51.15
On hand 300 do at 25cts. a piece.	75.00
	\$178.65

A boy, 10 years of age, on Tuesday last was caught between a steamboat and a wharf at Sag Harbor, and completely jammed to pieces, so that there was not a whole bone left in him.

We give the above as a warning to the little shavers who make it a practice to hang round the steamboat wharves, incumbrance those whose business leads them there, and constantly endangering their own lives.

The present winter should not be allowed to pass without something being done to improve the road from the road in Middle town. The can be accomplished at much less expense than would at first appear, and the sum required for a good road across the pond, to come to a level on the lane now leading down from the Green road would not exceed twelve hundred dollars. This would provide a wide way with a safe bridge, crossing the water on either side, and a fine canal over the marshy land on the side of the pond. The point where the road would cross the pond is in no place over three in depth, and the bottom is a fine sand, and is quickly forced by loaded teams. As soon as ground is frozen, teams should be employed to cross gravel and the tons of stones that have accumulated at the foot of the wall on the west side of the pond. The whole of the road, on the beach, and deposit the whole of the material staked out, and by the time that the ice is settled in the spring, the road will be fit for travel.

At the present time there is no road more than the above. The ground has been surveyed, estimate made of the expense, and there is wanting but a proper interest on the part of owners in the vicinity. As it now stands, lots are worth no more to them than they years ago, and they have examples enough in their eyes of the advantages derived from a expenditure in throwing out strips and bad substantial roads. The work cannot be begun unless those who are to receive the greatest take the matter in hand; and if every one subscribe in proportion to his land, the sum of each will be trifling, while the return is incalculable. We are informed by one who but a small lot in the neighborhood that he has taken hold with others and stands to pay more than his proportion; and why? because he has taught him that such an outlay doubles one's property. Once open a communication through to Middletown, and all that Newport and Middletown, facing the beach, immediately be taken up and adorned; the would be thronged with vehicles of an after, and the smooth waters of the Pond will be gaily painted pleasure boats.

A talk around the end of the Pond has been talked of, and we believe that in some the land has been offered for a road, if the once properly taken in hand. But some difficulties have been thrown in the way, and those who once most disposed, now seem to lack spirit enterprise. A road must be opened in that before long and those who are

SALE

By Authority of the Court of Probate of the County of Newport, will be sold at Public Auction, on **TUESDAY, the 23d day of November next** at eleven A. M., on the premises.

All the right, title and interest, which Henry J. Hudson had at the time of his death, in and to the Estate formerly owned by him; situated and bounded as follows, to-wit: on Thames Street 54 feet and Northern Common street 139 feet, together with the Buildings thereon situated.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

DAVID G. COOK, } Executor
GEORGE L. COOK, }

Newport, Oct. 30, 1852.—4W.

WAYER'S

CHEMIST & PHARMACEUTICAL

For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS
BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH
CROUP, ASTHMA, AND
CONSUMPTION.

This invaluable remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, has attained a celebrity its remarkable cures, never equalled by any medicine before. Other Preparations shown themselves *repudiators*, and sometimes *fatal* to the patient. It has ever won the confidence of every community it is known. After years of trial in evanescence, the results have indisputably shown that this is the only remedy for all the diseases, which could not fail to attract the attention of Physicians, Patients, and the public at large.

It is sold at all stations, not of obscure kind, and from far distant places, but of men well known and respected throughout the country.

The widely celebrated
DR. J. C. WELLS'S REMEDY.
New York City, N.Y.:

"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficiency of AYER'S CHERNEY 'PECTORAL,' for the treatment of the throat and lungs."

DR. PERKINS, the venerable President of the Vermont Medical College, one of the earliest and most distinguished of the country, writes of CHERNEY 'PECTORAL' as extensively used in his institution, where it has shown unmistakable and happy effects upon pulmonary diseases.

A distinguished Clergyman of the English Church writes to the Proprietor from Montreal, "It has been used by me for many years in the treatment of CHERNEY 'PECTORAL.'" His letter at full length may be found in our Circular, to be had of the Agent, and is worth the attention of every patient.

His letter is from the well known Druggist at Hillsdale, Mich., one of the largest dealers in that State; and this case is from one of our own customers.

HILLSDALE, MICH., Dec. 10, 1891.

Dear Sir: Immediately on receipt of your

factorial, I carried a bottle of the liquid
of nides with me, enough to be used
with quick consumption. He was then
to rise from his bed, and was extremely
His friends believed he must soon die,
to give you excellent medicine and
immediately left town for three weeks,
may judge of my surprise on my return
him in the state of perfect health and
entirely recovered. From
from the day he commenced taking your
cine, he was at work at his arduous
blacksmith.

Other cases within my kno-
where the CHERBER FACTORIAL has been
ly successful, but none so marked as this.

Very truly yours,
W. N. UNDER-
Hear the Patient.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell.—Dear Sir,
Under obligations to you for the recovery
my health, I send you a report of my cure
you are at liberty to publish for the
others. Last autumn I took a bad cold,
nied by a severe cough, and while my

ed to give up business, frequently rain-
ed and could get no sleep at night. A friend
gave me a bottle of your CHERRY PECTORAL,
of which I immediately commenced
taking. I have purchased the full
course of directions. I am nearly recovered,
and am nearly recovered, I now sleep
easily, my cough has ceased, and all by the use
of your valuable medicine.


E. S. STONE

Dear Sir: I wish I could tell that of my cough, a single Cherry Pectoral done for me. I describe how much benefited by the information. I had all which left my lungs weak and inflamed very feeble and unable to gain strength until I used your Cherry Pectoral. I had no appetite, and a dread of cold. I was fast wearing me away. I began your beautiful medicine, by the advice of my friends, who told me it would ease my cough at first, and gave me strength. In less than a fortnight I could sleep, and my cough had ceased to be troublesome. I began to sing and sing again, which soon restored my strength. Now, five weeks, I am well and strong, with no more cough. Yours, with respect,
JULIA A. BROWN

I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own knowledge of her case and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

The above named Joseph Dean and wife are personally known to me, and confidence may be placed in their statement.

SAMUEL C. VAN DUSEN
Pastor of the Baptist
Prepared by J. C. AYER, Chemist, Lo-
and sold in Newport by R. E. R.
R. E. TAYLOR and by Druggists every-
Sept. 18—4m.

W. W. CHAFFIN
BRASS FOUNDER

PLUMBER
AND
COPPER SMITH.

THE SUBSCRIBER does to express
careful attention to his business,
who qualified to give
who may intrust him
He keeps constantly
disseguely found in

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THE handsomest engraving and book ever published; engraved on the finest mixed style of mezzotint and sold for framing 21s by 30s inches.

The public are invited to examine a copy at the Fancy Goods establishment
B. H. TISDALE
Oct. 9. general agents for Newport
A good canvasser wanted.

Gents Woolen Undershirts and Drawers
Oct. 16. C. W. T.

BOSTON CARDS.
OCTOBER, 1852.
Merchants, Manufacturers, and all others going to Boston for supplies, are respectfully invited to give their attention to, and preserve a copy of, the following list of BUSINESS CARDS.

REMOVAL!
GEORGE TURNBULL & CO.
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Silks, Hosiery, Linens, Muslins, Laces,
EMBROIDERIES, RIBBONS, &c.
Have now removed to their new WAREHOUSE,
375 Washington Street.
SHOPS BUILDING ABOVE WINTER STREET,
and would inform purchasers of the above Goods
in any quantity, that we possess every advantage
that IMPORTING our Goods, and a close
attendance on the AUCTION SALES can give us.
All our Goods will be found as low as the low-
est market price, and in many cases, considerably
lower; and occupying the whole building on our
new premises, we are enabled to meet the
wants of our increased business.
Former customers will please inform our removal
to
GEORGE TURNBULL & CO.
375 Washington Street, Boston.

LEAD PIPE AND SHEET LEAD.
Patent Improved LEAD PIPE AND SHEET
LEAD, manufactured and for sale at
the lowest cash prices, by
GEORGE L. STARNES & CO.,
23 WATER STREET, (opposite Simmons Block)
BOSTON.

DICKINSON TYPE FOUNDRY.
No. 52 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Printing Types, and all other kinds of Printing
Materials, of superior quality, at the lowest
prices; for sale as above, by **DICKINSON & DALTON**,
(Successors to S. N. Dickinson).
Fashionable Furniture Manufacturer,
O. D. WHITMORE, 342 Washington Street,
Boston.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INS. CO.
Newark, N. J. Accumulated Fund \$1,461,000.
Office Boston Agency, 17 STATE STREET.
J. B. PRINCE, Agent & Attorney
MEDICAL EXAMINER, D. H. STORER, M. D.,
14 Winter St.

THOMAS R. SEWALL,
BROKER.
Purchases and sells STOCKS at usual Commission.
Office, No. 59 State Street,
Under Manufacturers' Insurance Office.

EMBROIDERY WORK.
Of every description, executed at the shortest
notice, and in the highest style of the Art, by
Mrs. L. A. BENTLEY—400 Harrison Avenue.
Orders from the country solicited, and promptly
attended to.

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HANSON'S HOTEL, J. L. HANSON, 3 Tremont
PAVILION, M. J. BROCKWAY, 183 Hanover &
2 Fleet st.

DANIEL J. CARRUTH, Dealer in
Tobacco, Snuff, Cigars, Pipes, Wholes, &c.
PORTER, CIDER, &c., No. 100, 101, 102, 103, 104,
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